



SONNET XXXV I.

LET my heart, my body, and my tongue
Bleed forth the lively streams of faith
unfeigned! Worship my saint, the gods
and saints among!

Praise and extol her fair, that me hath
pained! O let the smoke of my
suppressed Desire,

Raked up in ashes of my burning
breast, Break out at length, and to
the clouds aspire^

Urging the heavens t'afford me
rest! But let my body naturally
descend

Into the bowels of our common
mother! And to the very centre
let it wend,

When it no lower can, her griefs to
smother! And yet when I so low do
buried lie; Then shall my love ascend
unto the sky!

SONNET XXXVII,



AiR is my love that feeds among the
lilies,

The lilies growing in that pleasant
garden Where Cupid's Mount, that
well beloved hill is,

And where that little god, himself is
Warden. See where my Love sits in
the beds of spices !

Beset all round with camphor,
myrrh, and roses. And interlaced with
curious devices

Which, her from all the world apart
incloses. There, doth she tune her
Lute for her delight'

And with sweet music makes the
ground to move; Whilst I, poor I, do
sit in heavy plight^

Wailing alone my
unrespected love. Not

daring rush into so rare a
place,
That gives to her, and she to it,
a grace.
GAR. v, 29